



MAJOR PAUL E. DIVINE

An East Tennessean by birth; a volunteer in the Spanish-American war; Treasurer of the Mountain Branch N. H. D. V. S.; prominent candidate for Circuit Judge in the First Judicial District.

FORCED TO CONSUME BAD EGGS.

Heroic Treatment Good Object Lesson for Merchant.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist M. P., who has traveled extensively and acquired a great knowledge of the ways of the world, tells many stories of his experience. One relates to an English officer and himself. At a small post in Egypt they lived practically on eggs and tinned meat, and, as there was nothing else to be had, the eggs were a very important item of the dietary. Day after day the eggs, like those of the oft-quoted curate, were "very good in parts," but one morning they were frankly bad. The officer, who had the power of life and death in those parts, determined that the eggs should be fresh in future, so the egg merchant was brought before him. "Open your mouth," said the officer, and the wretched man, standing between two sentries, obeyed, trembling. Slowly and solemnly an evil-smelling egg was poured in. Again the command was given, and again a potential rooster was gaped down. A third followed the other two. After that, whoever else may have had bad eggs pained off on them, Sir Gilbert Parker and the officer were well served.

Priam Explains.

The usual brilliant crowd of illustrious fighters was gathered at the Army and Navy club of Gehenna and upon this special occasion Napoleon Bonaparte and Priam of Troy held the floor. The topic under discussion was Priam's defeat.

"There were several things about your little affair, my dear Priam, that I never could understand," said Napoleon. "Notably, how was it that when the Greeks presented you with that wooden horse you moved it into the city and failed utterly to hear the rattle of the troops inside? You were not dead, were you?"

"Simplest thing in the world, my dear Bonaparte," returned the Trojan king. "The fact is I was badly rattled myself at the time."

Cattaro.

Cattaro, the Austrian seagate of Montenegro, which is now said to be threatened by Prince Nicholas' guns, has been held by Montenegro once for a little time. The principality acquired it in 1813 with the aid of a British squadron. Any inhabitant of Cattaro who was contemporary with the rise and fall of Napoleon must often have to pause and think what country he belonged to at any moment. For, having been Venetian for

centuries, Cattaro became Austrian by the treaty of Campo Formio, and Italian in 1805 by the peace of Pressburg. It was absorbed in the French empire in 1810, and wrested from it in 1813, and finally, in 1814, Russia compelled Montenegro to give it up to Austria.

Gave It Her Hearty Approval.

"They are going to start up a press club here," said a newspaper man to his young lady friend. "We held a meeting at the Seelbach hotel and elected officers, and now I think it's going through."

"That will just be fine. Tailors charge such extravagant prices nowadays, and I think it is a great thing for young men to be able to keep their clothes pressed at a reasonable price, and it will especially be a boon to traveling men stopping at the hotel," she innocently averred.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly, etc.," said the young man to himself, as he allowed the conversation to drift to wearing apparel.—Louisville Times.

A Suspicion.

"Biggles says he is an idealist," "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but I am afraid that he is one of those who believe that the first test of an idealist is to be idle."

A Distinction.

"Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "not as a profession. But he should be a good hand at a trade."

"Dime Novel Days."

Marathon mad! When a mere child I read a story—I think it was a dime novel—about an Indian runner; probably a ten-cent Bandle; among the first of the ten-centers, and far more wholesome than the salacious ten-centers of the present day of eroticism. The winning of the west was due largely to the dime novel. I never read one that did not tend to enlarge a boy's love of outdoor sport and clean adventure. There was nothing that could not be read at the family fireside. Yet some one started a crusade against the dime novel, and after 20 years it was partly eradicated—that is, it was forced to give way to the cheap tales of city dens and dives.—New York Press.

Something Saved.

"Can you help me, ma'am?" asked the itinerant at the door. "I was burned out last night and lost everything."

"Lost everything?"

"Yes, everything, ma'am."

"Well, you don't seem to have lost your nerve. You were around here last week and told me the same story!"

Bill Board Space Given to Club.

A space ten feet square on a bill board facing Lafayette square, in New Orleans, has been given to the members of the New Era club by Julius Garrick, and will be made to help in the suffrage campaign the club is carrying on. Each week important facts concerning the movement will be announced on the space.



Heavy Rock Cut on C. C. & O. Ry. along the Clinch River north of Johnson City

What Do You Need?

We can supply your wants in the **HARDWARE** line with high class goods. We sell only reliable goods and at prices within your reach. Perhaps a

PERFECTION OIL STOVE

is what you need in the summer season. We have a complete stock. A car load of screen doors and windows surely contains just what you need in that line. Our stock of

Odorless Refrigerators

and White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers was never larger or better selected. To meet your demands we have an endless assortment of Sash, Doors, Mantels, Grates, Tiling and a full line of

Builder's Hardware

Wood Fibre Plaster, Alpha Portland Cement and Land Plaster. In the farming

Implement Department

we have Champion Binders, Mowers and Rakes; Disc Harrows, Ohio Riding Cultivators, Hoosier Wheat Drills and Corn Planters. The

Never-Break Range

in black and blue enamel is one of our leaders. Let your Stanhope, Carriage or Buggy for this Summer be a

STUDEBAKER

and it's the best. We sell them.

BARTON-MOUNTCASTLE HARDWARE COMPANY.

JAS. M. GAUNT,
President.

E. A. LONG,
Vice Pres.

W. B. MILLER,
Ass't Cash.

Bank of Commerce

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Capital, \$50,000

THIS institution opened its doors for business August 1908, and its success has marked from the first.

Our deposits have almost DOUBLED since January 1, and we take this occasion to thank our friends and the public generally for this evidence of their esteem and confidence, and assure them that this institution will be run in the future with the same business integrity, COURTESY and fair dealing that has characterized us in the past.

We desire and expect to receive our proportion of the business of our fellow business men.

Very Truly Yours,

JAS. A. SUMMERS
T. V. McCOWN
FRANK TAYLOR
F. S. BROWN
R. R. SHIPLEY

GUY L. SMITH
E. A. LONG
F. K. MOUNTCASTLE
O. K. MARSHALL
G. W. SWINGLE

JAS. M. GAUNT
J. C. CAMPBELL
S. E. MILLER
H. C. JACKSON
W. A. MALONEY
Directors.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS FROM 5 TO 7:30

The Precise Scientist.

Gov. Stuart, at a dinner in Philadelphia during the opening of the opera season, said of a noted Philadelphia scientist:

"He is the most exact man I ever met. He believes in nothing but proven facts. Continually he pins you down."

"One day I said to him:

"Cannibalism—what an abomination! To eat of human flesh! Brrrr!"

"The old scientist frowned.

"Pardon me, but have you ever eaten of human flesh?" he said, severely.

"No," said I.

"Well, then," he demanded, "why do you speak of things that you know nothing at all about?"

Quite Marvelous.

"Do you know," said the cheerful idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going for his holidays or returning, by the way he carries his portmanteau?"

"I never thought of that," said the simple young man. "What is the difference?"

"It is just this way," he went on.

"When a man is going away he carries his portmanteau toward the railway station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

His Course.

The Missionary—And what course do you intend to take with me?

The Savage Chief—Oh, the ordinary one; you'll follow the fish.—Sketch.

It's impossible for me to dress on \$5,000 a year.

Well, my love, you must wear less.

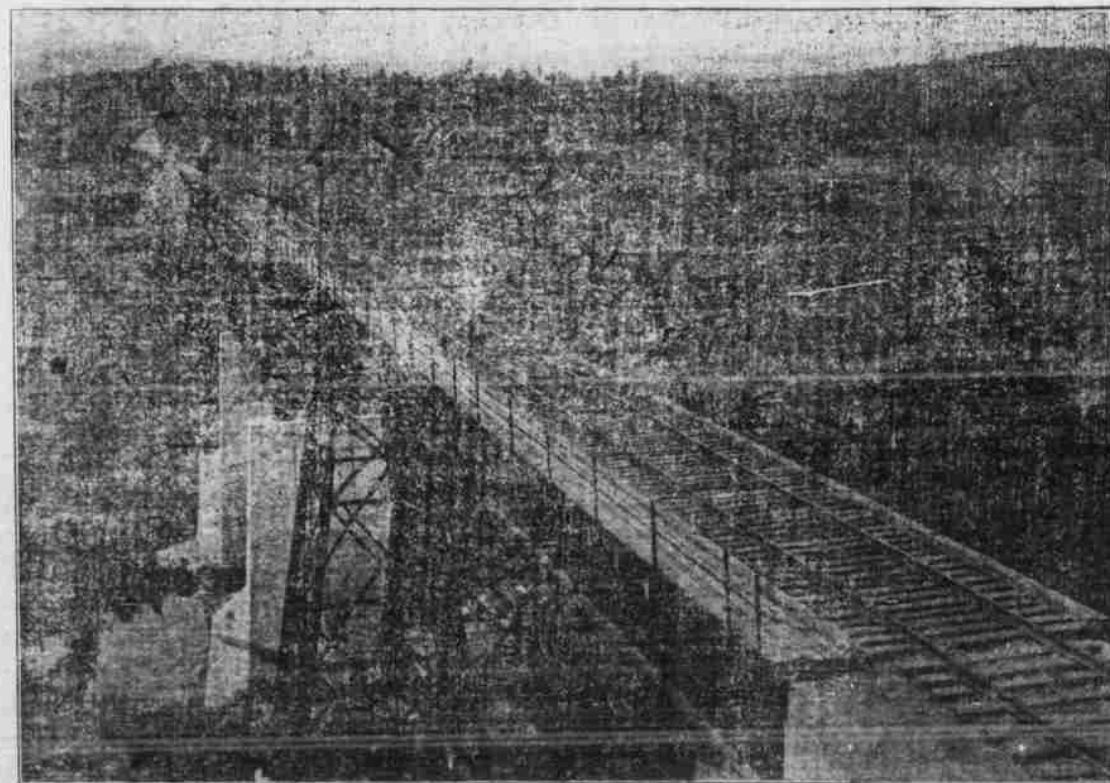
Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs.—Judge.

Miss Oldebyrde—Yes, that handsome young man took me out automobiling and proposed.

Miss Gaybyrde—Gracious. These automobiles are getting more reckless every day!—Chicago News.

Knicker—"I thought babies weren't allowed in your flat."

Booker—"They aren't; we only keep ours by calling it a phonograph."—New York Sun.



Viaduct across the South Fork of the Holston river at Kingsport, Tenn., on the C. C. & O. Ry.